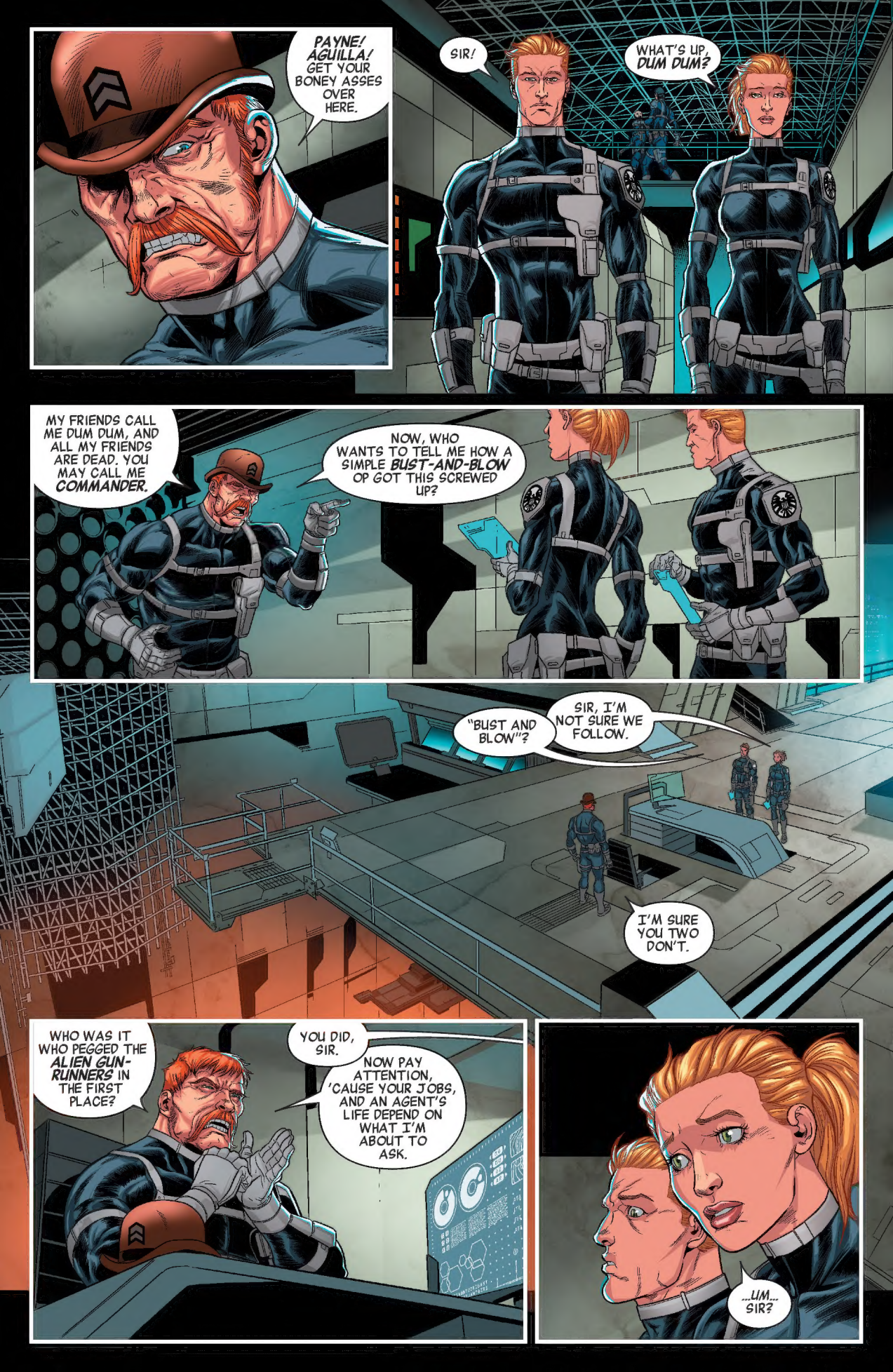
#1
NOW!
GET ME...
SOLO
THE ONE MAN WAR ON TERROR
MARVEL
#1
DUGGAN
THORNE
DIAZ
SILVA

TRANSIA CONFLICT. TENSIONS BETWEEN TRANSIAN REBELS AND COMMUNIST NEIGHBORS HAVE INCREASED.
STATUS: ANALYSIS SECTION INDICATES WAR IMMINENT.
WHAT THE HELL?
SYMKARIA. NARCO AND HUMAN TRAFFICKERS HAVE CARVED A NEW PATH ACROSS THE NATION, CONNECTING NEAR EAST WITH THE WEST.
IS THIS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE?
UN
UN
WAKANDA. UPTICK IN BORDER SKIRMISHES WITH NIGANDAN FORCES.
WAKANDAN ROYAL FAMILY REQUESTS S.H.I.E.L.D. ADHERE TO NON-INTERFERENCE AGREEMENT.
WAKANDAN COMMUNIQUE: "SIHAVEA." TRANLATION: "WE GOT THIS."
YA GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!
SIN-CONG DICTATORSHIP UNVEILS MILITARY UPGRADE FOR ALL TROOPS. ONGOING "WAR GAMES" ON BORDER WITH SOUTHEAST ASIAN REPUBLIC.
YEAH. SHUT YOUR ROBOT CAKE HOLE. I GOT THE PICTURE. THE WORLD'S GONE TO HELL.


PAYNE! AGUILLA! GET YOUR BONEY ASSES OVER HERE.
SIR!
WHAT'S UP, DUM DUM?
MY FRIENDS CALL ME DUM DUM, AND ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD. YOU MAY CALL ME COMMANDER.
NOW, WHO WANTS TO TELL ME HOW A SIMPLE BUST-AND-BLOW OP GOT THIS SCREWED UP?
"BUST AND BLOW"?
SIR, I'M NOT SURE WE FOLLOW.
I'M SURE YOU TWO DON'T.
WHO WAS IT WHO PEGGED THE ALIEN GUN-RUNNERS IN THE FIRST PLACE?
YOU DID, SIR.
NOW PAY ATTENTION, 'CAUSE YOUR JOBS, AND AN AGENT'S LIFE DEPEND ON WHAT I'M ABOUT TO ASK.
...UM... SIR?

CATEGORIZE THE OPERATION TARGETING THE UNSUBS SELLING EXTRATERRESTRIAL WEAPONS ON OUR PLANET.
INFILTRATION AND INTELLIGENCE GATHERING. SIR.
OH, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!
NO! WRONG!
IT'S A BUST AND BLOW.
I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT FAMILIAR WITH THAT TURN OF THE PREVIOUS CENTURY CRIMINOLOGY TERM.
BUST AND BLOW! YOU FIND A SECRET SOCIETY OR EVIL ACRONYM SITUATION. YOU PICK YOUR AGENT. SEND HIM--
OR HER. GUIDELINES, SIR.
OR HER! YOU SEND HER IN AND YOU CALL IT INTEL GATHERING. YOU LET HER STEW A BIT AND BING, BANG, BOOM! THE WHOLE CRAPHOUSE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.
ONE AGENT! THREE WEEKS! IF YOUR AGENT IS ROMANOFF, THEN SHE GETS THREE DAYS.
YOUR BOY'S BEEN UNDERCOVER FOR WEEKS, AND WE'RE STILL NOWHERE.
SIR? IS THAT THE RED LIST? THOSE NAMES ARE ALL WASHOUTS.
YEP. SURE ARE. AND OFF THIS LIST I WANT YOU TO GET ME... GET ME...

"...GET ME SOLO!"
TERRORISTS TOOK THE LOVE OF MY LIFE FROM ME.
SO I'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS PAYING TERRORISTS BACK.
BUT REVENGE ISN'T A GREAT BUSINESS MODEL, SO I TAKE MERCENARY GIGS.
WHUDD
OOF!
WHAK
UGHN!
MY NAME IS SOLO AND I'M DAMN GOOD AT WHAT I DO.

<SOLO. IT'S ANSEL, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?>*
I'M IN POSITION, ANSEL.
<REALLY? WOW, YOU'RE GOOD. I DON'T EVEN SEE YOU.>
TIMING IS EVERYTHING IN THE MERC BUSINESS.
*TRANSLATED FROM ARMENIAN. --DARREN!
<I HAVE A TOTAL VIEW OF THE TARGET ON OVERWATCH AND I STILL CAN'T SEE YOU. GIVE ME A CLUE. YOU'RE ON THE ROOF, RIGHT?>
YEAH, SOLO IS ALWAYS IN THE RIGHT PLACE...AT THE RIGHT TIME.
WAIT--
--WHERE THE HELL AM I?
<WHAT'S THAT? I DIDN'T CATCH THAT.>
<YOU'RE IN THE WRONG LOCATION, AREN'T YOU?!>
HEY, ANSEL-- CAN YOU SEND ME THE ADDRESS FOR THE GIG AGAIN?

REDACTED SOLO! YOU'RE REDACTED THIS WHOLE OP UP!?*
I'M =HUFF= INBOUND NOW. =HUFF= COMIN' IN =HUFF= HOT!
*A STRING OF ARMENIAN CURSES, NOT FIT FOR PUBLICATION. --DARREN
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M HERE.
<YOU'RE LATE! GET IN OR GET GONE, SOLO. BOSS NEEDS WHAT'S IN THERE. NOW.>
JUST A SECOND...
CLEAR SPACE, TEN FEET IN. JUMP IN FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE!
JUMP!
VVWIM
<DUDE, HOW ABOUT SOME PROFESSIONALISM?>
MY NAME IS SOLO, AND I'M IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AT THE RIGHT TIME.
BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP BREEP

NOT A GOOD TIME, CAT.
WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT CALLING ME "CAT," HUMPHREY?
AGH! NEVER SAY THAT. I'M WORKING, CATITA. OKAY?
WORKING? OH MY GOD, YOU TOOK THAT GIG OFF THE DART BOARD? TELL ME THAT WASN'T YOU.
THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE GAME. WHAT ARE YOU CHECKING THE BOARD FOR?
RETIRED AIN'T DEAD, HONEY. YOU TOOK IT, DIDN'T YOU?
WHAT DO YOU CARE IF I TOOK IT?
I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY PULLED THAT GIG.
BUT, IF SOMEBODY DID, OF COURSE IT WAS YOU.
I REMEMBER SOMEBODY ONCE TELLING ME WORK'S WORK AND A JOB'S A JOB.

NOT MY FAULT I'M PULLING GIGS OFF THE BOARD. SOMEBODY'S ON ME ABOUT CHECKS ALL THE TIME.
I DUNNO. MAYBE IT WAS A MISTAKE.
NOT ALL YOUR MISTAKES ARE BAD.
WHAT'D YOU SAY? WAS THAT A BACKHANDED COMPLIMENT? I'LL TAKE IT--WAIT A SEC, CAT.
WHAT DID I JUST SAY?
ERROR. MISIDENTIFY. ERROR.
THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM, "JAMES." YOU DON'T LISTEN. YOU DON'T THINK.
YOU'RE SO BUSY SAYING, "DIG ME, I'M KING SPY GUY," YOU ALWAYS MISS THE LAST HIDDEN LASER CANNON.
ERROR. MISIDENTIFY. ERROR. MIS--
PING
BREEP
NOT ALWAYS.
HA! SOMEBODY GOT LUCKY. AGAIN.
WELCOME HOME, THINKER. THIS TOYBOX HAS BEEN SHUT FOR SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO DAYS.

ONCE IS LUCK. TWICE IS COINCIDENCE. EVERYTHING AFTER THAT?
DING
ALL SKILL, ALL THE TIME.
PLEASE REPHRASE, THINKER.
TWO GRAND SAYS YOU SCREW IT UP.
IF I HAD AN EXTRA TWO GRAND WOULD I BE DOING THIS?
PLEASE REPHRASE, THINKER.
"SHOW ME THE ACTIVES, PLEASE, TOYBOX 7."
THIS IS ONE OF THE MAD THINKER'S BOXES?
I SURE HOPE YOUR CODES ARE TIGHT.
ANSEL SAYS THEY'RE CLEAN, UP-TO-DATE.
ANSEL? ANSEL BOGOSIAN? ARE YOU JOKING?

THIS IS THE MAD THINKER, JAMES. A.K.A., THE SUPER CRAZY SUPER-GENIUS WHO PULLS THE LEGS OFF ALIEN BABIES TO SEE WHAT COLOR THEY BLEED.
I KNOW WHO HE IS.
PLEASE REPHRASE, THINKER.
"TIMESTAMP AND PROGRESS REPORT, TOYBOX 7."
SUBJECT ACQUIRED FOUR DAYS AGO, LOCAL. TESTS CONFIRM 100% VIABILITY FOR VIRAL, SPECTRAL, ENERGETIC AND STAGE 2 PSIONIC SCENARIOS.
YOU NEVER LIKED ANSEL.
HE WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO GET IN MY PANTS AND HE HATES YOU.
PLEASE REPHRASE, THINKER.
WHAT? NO, HE DIDN'T. NO, HE DOESN'T.
WHAT DID YOU THINK HAPPENED IN MADRID THAT TIME?
YAP! YAP, YAP!
AARON WEEPERS

WHAT, YOU MEAN WHEN HIS CLOTHES BURNED OFF IN THAT FIRE AND HE THOUGHT YOUR ROOM WAS MY ROOM?
REALLY, JAMES? REALLY?
ARE YOU SAYING THERE WAS NO FIRE? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? I WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM!
HE REPS THE TREVANIAN FAMILY.
AND YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM.
YAP! YAP!
ALERT. YOU HAVE REACHED THE ALLOWABLE NUMBER OF SYNTAX ERRORS.
HOLD ON A MINUTE, CAT.
YOU ARE NOT THE THINKER. TOYBOX 7, COMMENCING PURGE SCENARIO OMEGA.
"PURGE SCENARIO"?

BARON PEEPERS! NO!
YAP, YAP, YAP, YAP!
FORGET THE DAMNED DOG, YOU MORON! GET OUT OF THERE!
YAP! YAP!
I TOOK THE GIG. NO DOG, NO MONEY.
YAP, YAP, YAP, YAP!
OF ALL THE IDIOTIC...
DOG.
YAP!
GONE.
WELL, WHATEVER YOU DO, STAY OUT OF THE ELEVATOR.

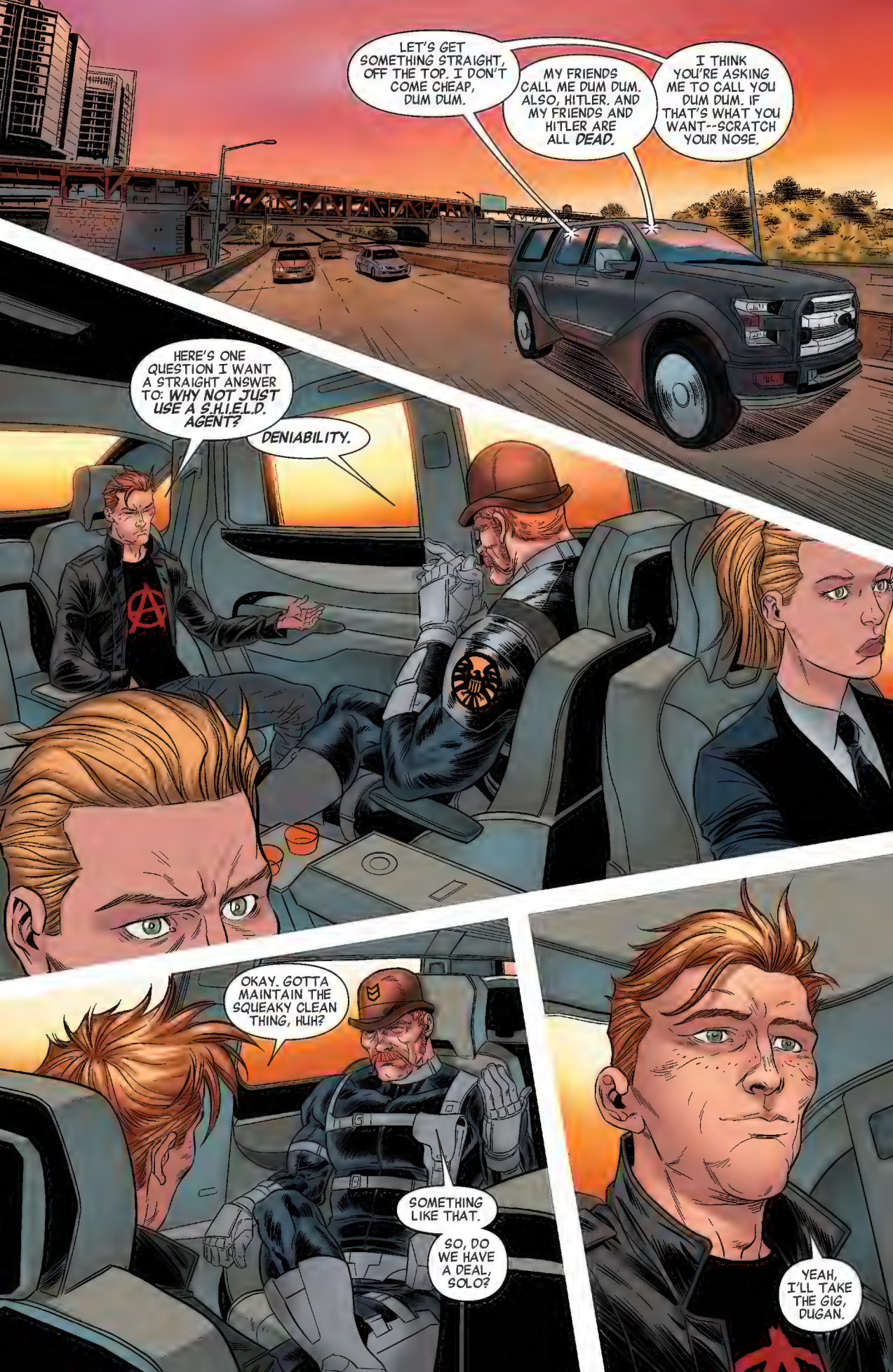
IT'S THE ONLY WAY UP.
JAMES! NO! IT'S A KILL BOX.
I'M GONNA TELEPORT, CAT.
NO. NO! YOU NEED LINE OF SIGHT! JAMES! NO!
YAP!
KISS OUR BABY FOR ME, HONEY.
FIFTY YARDS UP, TEN WEST. LOCKED. FOUR, THREE, TWO,--

VVWIM
YOU SHOULD BE RUNNING, ANSEL!
YAP!
<WHAT? WHY SHOULD I BE-->
KSSHH
AGGH!
KRAKOOM
OOF!
=GROOOOOOAN=
ZOK. IN MY ACCOUNT. ONE HOUR.
TELL YOUR BOSS, NEXT TIME HE LETS THE DOG OUT, KEEP HIM ON A LEASH.
ALSO. I EVER FIND OUT YOU PUT YOUR HANDS ON CAT, I'LL MURDER YOU. WITH A SHOT GLASS.

PRIZZI'S HONOR. QUEENS, NY.
MAKING YOUR WAY AS A MERC THESE DAYS, WELL, IT TAKES A LOT...WHEN THE MISSION'S DONE, YOU NEED A BREAK.
SOMEWHERE OFF THE RADAR WITH GOOD SUDS AND WHERE NOBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME.
WHAT I DON'T GET IS HOW THE DOG GOT IN THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
LIKE, WHAT DOES THE GUY EVEN WANT WITH A DOG?
'SPECIALLY TREVANIAN'S LITTLE YAPPY BAG OF CRAP.
IF IT WAS ME, I'D HAVE LET THE MUTT BURN.
VAPORIZE.
HUH? WHAT?
EVERYBODY KNOWS THE MAD THINKER'S TOY BOXES USE A VAPORIZE, SWEEP AND IMPLODE PROTOCOL.
EXPLODE.
WHAT'S THAT, MR. GENTRIFY? GOT SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE?
IMPLODE MEANS EVERYTHING FALLS IN ON ITSELF. EXPLODE MEANS KA-BOOM. IN, OUT, SEE?
HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT IT? WERE YOU THERE?
EASY, MAN. JUST DOING RUMOR CONTROL. GOOD INTEL'S GOOD INTEL.

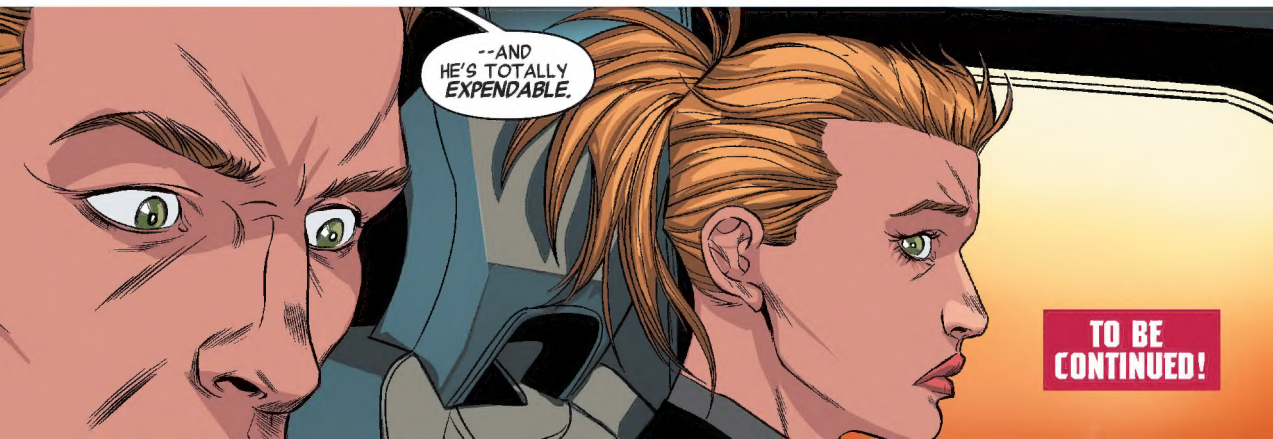
THAT'S TRUE.
MR. SOLO, I PRESUME?
AND WHO ARE YOU WHEN YOU'RE AT HOME, SWEETS?
NO ONE YOU'D EVER WANT TO REDACTED WITH.
THIS IS FOR YOU.
UH. THANKS?
YOU KNOW THOSE ONE-TIME-ONLY OFFERS THEY HAVE ON TV SOMETIMES? THIS IS ONE OF THOSE.
WELL, MR. GENTRIFY. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN DEEP--

S.H.I.E.L.D.! HOLY [REDACTED] S.H.I.E.L.D.'S AFTER ME! IS IT FOR ZANZIBAR? HAS TO BE ZANZIBAR!
AHEM.
WHOOPS! REWIND! OTHER WAY!
MR. SOLO. THERE'S NO POINT.
IT'S JUST SOLO. WHY DOES NOBODY REMEMBER THAT IT'S JUST--
WHOOOF!
WELL, NOW, SOLO. WHAT SAY YOU AND OL' DUM DUM HAVE A LITTLE TALK?


LET'S GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT, OFF THE TOP. I DON'T COME CHEAP, DUM DUM.
MY FRIENDS CALL ME DUM DUM. ALSO, HITLER. AND MY FRIENDS AND HITLER ARE ALL DEAD.
I THINK YOU'RE ASKING ME TO CALL YOU DUM DUM. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT--SCRATCH YOUR NOSE.
HERE'S ONE QUESTION I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER TO: WHY NOT JUST USE A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT?
DENIABILITY.
OKAY. GOTTA MAINTAIN THE SQUEAKY CLEAN THING, HUH?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
SO, DO WE HAVE A DEAL, SOLO?
YEAH, I'LL TAKE THE GIG, DUGAN.

WHAT THE HELL DID I JUST DO?
MAN. YOU ARE LUCKY. WE HAD A POOL GOING ON HOW MANY PIECES OF YOU WOULD TURN UP AROUND TOWN AFTER THEY GRABBED YOU UP.
CAN'T TRUST LUCK, THOUGH. FREE ADVICE?
LUCKY... YEAH...YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT--
NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT OF THAT CAR, YOU NEED TO RUN, MAN. RUN FAR AND RUN--
VVWIM
OR THAT. THAT WORKS TOO.
INCOMING, SIR. IT'S FROM AGENT STOKES.
WHAT? FINE. I'LL TAKE THE HOLO.
WHAT IS IT, STOKES? IT AIN'T LIKE TIME'S ON YOUR SIDE RIGHT NOW, SON.
THAT'S JUST IT, SIR! I THINK MY COVER MIGHT BE BLOWN ALREADY! THESE GUYS ARE GETTING HINKY AROUND ME. I MIGHT NEED AN EXTRACTION!
WELL SON, I TRUST YOU'RE NOT IN UNIFORM ON THE JOB.
'COURSE NOT, SIR!

NOT TO WORRY, KID. I GOT IT COVERED.
BUT HOW, SIR? I JUST FIGURED IT OUT TODAY!
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE A GRUNT AND I'M THE BOSS. TRUST ME.
THE GUY I GOT COMING IN AFTER YOU IS PERFECT. HE'S GOT THE TOOLS. HE'S GOT THE TALENT--


--AND HE'S TOTALLY EXPENDABLE.
TO BE CONTINUED!

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS

SOLO

THE ONE MAN WAR ON TERROR

Writers	Gerry Duggan + Geoffrey Thorne
Artist	Paco Diaz
Colors	Israel Silva
Lettering	VC's Travis Lanham
Cover	Diaz + Silva
Variant Covers	Mike Deodato + Frank Martin; Theotis Jones; Rob Liefeld; Ron Lim, Tom Palmer + Rachelle Rosenberg; Julian Totino Tedesco
Editors	Jordan D. White + Darren Shan
Editor in Chief	Axel Alonso
Chief Creative Officer	Joe Quesada
Publisher	Dan Buckley
Executive Producer	Alan Fine

SOLO WILL RETURN IN... SOLO #2 [duh]

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YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS SOLO #2

DEADLIEST MAN ALIVE

Oroboros is the undefeated Supreme Grand Master of the Fighting Arts. Oroboros won the World Overall Fighting Arts Championship (Master & Expert Divisions) after defeating the world's top Masters of JUDO, BOXING, WRESTLING, KUNG-FU, KARATE, AIKIDO, etc. in Death Matches. On Aug. 1, 1967, the World Federation of Fighting Arts crowned Oroboros "THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ARTS CHAMPION AND MASTER."

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The World's DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS Can Be Yours . . .

FREE

legion

the group

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AN OROBOROS RIP